C-231-5-1

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 230x07

VOLUME XLI. No. 50 MONTREAL, DECEMBER 14, 1906. 40 Cts. Per ... id

Saved by a Dog.

How often do we hear of how truly a dog mourns the loss of a beloved master.

Here is a story which tells of a man who was riding through a wooded and mountainous country, in a snow-storm so blinding that he could scarcely follow the road.

Presently he met another traveller, who warned him not to proceed unless he were armed with a revolver, for, he said: 'There is a mad dog on the road; it has been running round and round my horse, biting at its legs.'

But the first traveller was bound on an important errand; mad dog or no mad dog, he must continue his way.

By-and-by he came upon tracks in the snow where a dog had been running backwards and forwards, also another leading deep into the forest. Soon a dog came out of the wood, and greeted him with demonstrations of delight; but as soon as he had ridden past the track which led into the forest it whined and howled and snapped at the horse's legs.

Seeing that the dog was not suffering from rabies, the traveller dismounted and followed where it led the way back into the wood.

After a time, it stopped by the trunk of a fallen tree, where lay the remains of a smouldering fire and a workman's empty dinner-pail, and besides these a man exhausted and quite unconscious.

No one can describe the dog's delight as the traveller chafed his poor master's numbed limbs, restored him to consciousness, and helped him on his way.

THE TRAVELLER DISMOUNTED AND FOLLOWED.

This dog ran the risk of being misunderstood. One traveller had thought it mad, and had not the second possessed more discernment, the dog might have paid for its strange conduct with its life. But in spite of misunderstanding, the faithful animal continued its efforts until it succeeded in bringing help to its beloved master.

Faithfulness in serving our heavenly Master is often similarly misunderstood. The consistent Christian is thought odd, and is called a fool or a fanatic. But it is only those who keep on in spite of opposition and ridicule who will at last hear the Master say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant: Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Sermon That Was'nt Preached.

(S. R. Crockett, Author of 'The Stickit Minister,' in the 'Union Gospel News.')

It was Friday, and the minister of Arkland was writing his sermon. Things had not gone well in Arkland that week. The meeting of the church court charged with the temporalities had not passed off well on Tuesday.

One man especially had hurt the minister in a sensitive place. This was Peter McRoberts, the shoemaker. The minister had represented that a bath in a manse was not a luxury, but a necessity, when Peter McRoberts said that as for him he had never 'had sic a thing in his life, and that auld Maister Drouthy had dune without yin in the manse for thirty-three years to the satisfaction o' the parish.'

Then there had been certain differences of opinion within the manse itself, and altogether the sermon had been begun with the intention of dressing down the offending parishioners. Nearly all sermons are personal to the preacher. They have been awakened within him by some circumstance which has come to his knowledge during the week. Preachers use this fact for good or evil, according to their kind.

A plain man was John Smith, of Arkland—as plain and hodden gray as his name. He had succeeded to the church with the largest majority that had been known in the presbytery, for in that neighborhood to have given a man a unanimous call would have been considered a disgrace and a reflection on the critical discrimination of the congregation. He had tried to do his duty without fear or favor, only asking that his hands should not be tied. He visited the sick with a plain, quiet helpfulness which brought sympathy with it as surely as the minister entered the house. His sermons were not brilliant, but they were staves and crutches to many.

Now as he sat at his manse window that bitter November morning, he watched the rain volleying on the round causeway stones and the wide spaces of the village street dimly white with the dancing spray. The minister felt grimly in unison with the elements as he sat framing his opening sentences. He had chosen his text from a wonderful chapter, 'Wisdom is justified of her children.' And in this wise he began to write:

'To be ignorant is to be dangerous. The ignorant man, though he be but one, can make of no account the wisdom of many men. After the wise of many generations have been striving to teach a people wisdom, a knave or a fool may come and cry aloud, "There is no god but ourselves, there is no law but our own desires, there is no hereafter but the grave which we share with our sister the worm and our brother the dead dog!" Yet so great is the folly of man that

such a one may draw away much people after him into the wilderness of sin and self-indulgence. It is in accordance with the nature of man that ignorance and narrowness should often succeed where wisdom is wholly rejected.'

'That will do,' said the minister, looking over his work. He had Peter McRobert in his mind, and he rose and walked his study, 'mandating' his opening sentences with appropriate gestures, much to the astonishment of Marget Lowrie in the kitchen, who said, 'Save us. What's wrang wi' the minister. This is no' Setturday!'

As he came in his sentry walks to the window, which looked up the rain-swept street, he saw a dark-colored oblong patch with a strange protuberance on the right side, hirpling like a decrepit beetle athwart the road, till, being caught at the manse corner by a bitter swirl, this irregular shape—

'If shape it could be called, that shape had none,'

stumbled and fell within thirty yards of the study window, discharging in the muddy road an avalanche of shavings, small branches, knobs, angles, and squares of wood.

In a moment the minister was out at the door and was helping old Nance Kissock to her feet, and then under the eyes of all the wives of the village assisted her to collect again her bagful of chips and kindlings which the good-natured joiner allowed her to take once a week from his floor.

'I hope you are none the worse, Nance?' said the minister.

'I thank ye, Maister Smith; I'm sair forfoughten wi' the wun', but gin the Almichty be willing, I'll be at the kirk on Sabbath to hear ye. It's guid to the kirk to hear ye. It's guid to think on a' the week what ye tell us. Whiles it gars me forget the verra rheumatics!'

When the minister got back into the friendly shelter of his study, he took up the sheet which he had laid down in order to rush out to Nance Kissock's assistance. He read it over, but when he took his pen again he did not seem to like it so well. If Nance were speaking the truth, and she fed during the week on the spiritual food which she received in his kirk on the Sabbath, he could not conceal from himself that next week she had a good chance of going hungry.

Yet he could not allow Peter McRobert to get off without a word, so he put the thought away from him and went on with his task. 'How often does a man of limited view mistake his own limitations for the possibilities of other. He never judges himself—he could not if he would—and naturally when he judges others it is only to condemn them.' A gust more than ordinarily powerful took the minister again to the window, and he saw John Scott, the herd from the Dornel, wringing the wet from his plaid. He knew that he had come down to the village from the hills three miles out of his road to get his wife's medicine. Presently he would trudge away manfully back again to the cot-house on the edge of the heather.

Now, the minister knew that come storm or calm John Scott would be at the kirk on the next day but one, and that he would carry away in the cool, quiet brain that lay behind the broad brow the heads and particulars of the sermon he heard. As he went steadily knitting his stockings, conquering the heather with strides long and high, visiting his black-faced flock, he would go revolving the message that the minister had given him in the house of God.

'Wisdom is justified of her children,' repeated the minister, doggedly; but his text now awakened no fervor. There was no enthusiasm in it. He thought that he would go out and let the November winds drive the rain into his face as a tonic. So he slipped on his Inverness and let himself out. His feet carried him toward the garret of one of his best friends, where an aged woman, blind and infirm, was spending the latter end of her days. She could not now come to church, therefore the minister went often to her—for it was sunshine to him also to bring light into that very dark place where the aged servant of God waited the end.

Mary Carment knew his step far down the stair, and she said to herself: 'It is himsel'!' and deep within her she gave thanks.

'It is a great thing to hae the bread o' life broken to us so simply that we a' understan' it, Maister Smith,' she said.

'But, Mary, how long is it since you heard a sermon of mine?'

'It's true it's a lang time since I heard ye preach, minister, but I hear o' yer sermons every Sabbath. Yin and anither tells me pairt o't till I get as muckle as I can think on.'

As the minister said good-bye to Mary Carment, she said: 'Ye'll hae ower muckle to think on to mind me on the Lord's Day when ye're speakin' for yer Maister; but I hae nane but you to mind, sir, so I'll be prayin' a' the time that ye're uphaudin' His name.'

'Thank you, Mary, I'll not forget' said her minister. And he went out much strengthened.

As he went manseward he passed the little cobbler's den where Peter McRobert was tap tapping all the day, and the sound of Peter's terrible cough called to him with a voice that claimed him. He stepped in, and after the words of salutation he asked his office bearer, 'Are you not thinking of getting that cough attended to, Peter?'

'Wha—me? Na, not me; hoots, its but a bit hoast, nocht to speak aboot, thank ye for specrin', Maister Smith.'

Just then the minister saw the doctor walking rapidly up the far side of the street, calm-faced and dignified, as if this howling November north-easter were a beautiful June morning. Him he summoned.

'Here's Peter'll no' speak to you about his cough. He must have some of your drugs, doctor.'

The doctor called the unwilling cobbler from his last, and after a brief examination he said:

'No, I don't think there will be any need for drugs, Mr. Smith; if you, Peter, will use a gargle to get rid of a trifling local inflammation. Less lapstone dust and less snuff, Peter, and warm water three times a day,' said the doctor, succinctly, and proceeded on his rounds.

As the doctor went out, Peter looked up with a queer twinkle in his eye.

'Maister Smith,' he said, 'gin water be sae needful for the inside o' a cobbler's thrapple, maybe I was wrang in thinkin' that it wasna as necessary for the outside o' a minister!'

'Then we'll say no more about it, Peter,' said the minister smiling, as he closed the door. 'Mind your gargle!'

When the minister got to his study, he never stopped, even to wipe his feet, and when the mistress followed to remonstrate, she found him putting his sermon in the fire.

* * * *

The minister's text on the following Sabbath morning was an old one, but it was no old sermon that the Arkland folk got that day. The text was, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Nance Kissock was there, and did not go home hungry; John Scott had come down from the muirs, and had something better than physic to take back to his ailing wife; Peter McRobert sat in his corner looking cleaner than he had done within the memory of man—also he never coughed once; no less than eight different folk came to tell blind Mary Carment about the sermon.

But none but the minister knew who it was that had been praying for him.

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

A Guilty Conscience.

The conscience of a guilty man is like the great clock of St. Paul's, in London—at midday in the roar of business few hear it; but when the work of the day is over and silence reigns, it may be heard for miles. In the whirl of excitement conscience is not heard, but the time will come when it will sound and bring misery to the soul.

Bessus, a native of Greece, being one day seen by his neighbors pulling down birds' nests and occasionally destroying their young, was severely reproved for his cruelty. He replied that their notes to him were insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him for the murder of his father. —'Christian Age.'

Press Opinions.

The Pictorial Publishing Company, of Montreal, is doing a distinct service to Canada and Canadians in its new publication, 'Canadian Pictorial.' The illustrations are high class, and the printing is in keeping. There is a field in Canada for such a magazine, and the standard set by the 'Canadian Pictorial' should spell success.—The 'Spectator,' Hamilton, Ont.

The handsome full-page and other illustrations of the 'Canadian Pictorial' are a delight to all picture lovers, and a great credit to Canadian workmanship.—'Daily News,' Truro, N. S.

I am highly pleased with the 'Canadian Pictorial' and hope it will have the success that its merits warrant.—Editor of 'Standard,' Pembroke, Ont.

Canadians Abroad.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world.

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A Christmas Suggestion.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

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If a nice canvasser comes to your door get his name and address, say what he is handling, and send it to us, and we will send you free of charge a copy of the new picture paper, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' or ask the canvasser to write us himself. He will hear of something greatly to his advantage. We want boys to sell by the dozen, and agents to canvass for annual subscriptions. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, Montreal, Canada.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Home.

(Will Ward Mitchell, in the 'Homestead.')

Home, after all is said and done,
  Is just about the best
Of places underneath the sun,
  Where hearts are happiest.
The wanderer in countries far,
  Or on the ocean foam,
Has memories of a beacon star—
  The distant light of home.
  In many a foreign place,
Go wander as you will the earth
  The smile on mother's face.
You'll find no other treasure worth.

Amid rare Alpine glories you,
  With soul enrapt may roam,
But when your journeying is through,
  You'll wander back to home.

For home it is the dearest place
  Beneath the bending skies!
And mother's is the dearest face,
  Her eyes the dearest eyes!
Her little kingdom is the best;
  Her heart the purest tome,
The soul may know! The happiest,
  The sweetest place, is home!

Our Tommy.

(Grace Dale, in the 'Standard.')

I had been to make a call where two tiger kittens greatly amused me. On expressing delight at their antics my friend said, 'Well, if you'll take them both you may have them, but we don't want them parted. As we have a new family of five kittens, we can well spare them, you see.'

We lived alone, my husband and I, in a snug cozy home, where the lawn to the left, fringed off to the river. There were no children to make home merry, and although my husband rather enjoyed the enforced quiet, I longed ofttimes for something upon which to lavish my over abundant fund of companionship. That evening I recounted the antics of the kittens; my husband seemed interested in the account of how, when held erect on their hind legs, they would spar and spit like veritable prize fighters. We agreed we might have one cat, but two seemed out of the question. Still we went together to see them. The result? Why we brought them both home, of course. The doctor, my husband, grew as fond and foolish over them as ever I could desire; he thought nothing too good to buy for them.

We called them 'Tommy' and 'Lady,' but the dainty little 'Lady' did not seem thrifty; so a few months of fits, and she filled a grave in the garden. Tommy would ride about on the doctor's shoulder, march up to bed when we did, in spite of the cold room, for we found above everything else, cats love companionship. Later we discovered the name had been mischosen, as to sex, but she knew it perfectly so no change was made.

When I arose in the morning she would escort me through the intricacies of a cold bath, toilet, generating and lighting the gasoline stove, grinding the coffee, and the numerous other details, in the preparation of the morning meal. I was quite methodical and Tommy would precede me in my route, never making a mistake. You should have seen her sit up on her hind legs and beg, with fore paws drooped, silently waiting for something she wished. Then too she had the fashion of going with the doctor for a boat ride; indeed she deemed it a rare privilege. When her baby came it looked like a big black bear. I am sure you never saw so large a kitten, and Tommy found difficulty in carrying it about.

If doctor started for the boat-house with his gun, Tommy would come sit up and beg, then look toward the nest, seeming to say, 'Now, please, you take care of the baby, I am going with my master,' and off she would start. Just once did she show anxiety about it. Soon after the baby came we had planned a boat ride. Tommy went as usual. I placed the baby inside my blouse; when Tommy discovered her offspring's presence, she seemed worried, as though she did not see why I brought it along, or if it could not be left alone, why I did not remain at home with it. When homeward bound, and in sight of the place, she would take her place on the stern of the boat, and at the earliest opportunity Tommy was on terra firma. On this occasion she stood in her favorite place with the baby in her mouth; all of a sudden she dropped it overboard, and seemed distressed when she saw it struggling in the water; from which we rescued it.

Best of all she loved to go with her master, with the rifle to get a bird. Tommy would watch the place aimed at and run and bring the bird when it fell. In many such ways she seemed more like a dog than a cat.

Then too, she was trusty; no blood of thief ran in her veins. She would never touch the most tempting morsel, if not given to her, but would sit and beg for favors. Neither would she allow her kittens to steal, although they had no compunctions in such matters. She would mount guard over the table in my absence and cuff them for misdemeanors, and she would not leave her post until I returned.

Tommy was as interested as any child, over the water in the bath room. After much apparent study, and some urging from her master; she at last would reach her paw, down through the water in the bowl, catch the ring, pull out the plug; and watch with triumph her victory as the water gurgled out of sight. She tried in vain to turn the faucets, for she seemed to understand what caused the water to flow. Then she used to jump at the closet chain and hang on too; but her weight was not sufficient to make the water run; so after weeks of effort she gave that up in despair.

This observant feline did not mew to get out at a door, but would jump at the knob, hanging on with her paws until she dropped. Never did she give up the idea, but that perhaps after all, she would sometime succeed in opening a door, swaying her body each time as she held on. One or two doors whose knobs were weak would succumb to her attempts, and the delight she would show over her success was really infectious. Yes, indeed Tommy had her place and plate at the table; and would keep her place well, too; and well she seemed to figure the mealtime hour. If I were dilatory in the matter she would promptly advise me. I needed no clock in such respects if I paid heed to Tommy's suggestions.

When we adopted her, she had been fed exclusively on raw meat and water. It was some time before she cultivated a taste for cooked food and milk; when she did it was complete, and her delight was a dish of canned salmon and potatoes, though she would have raised no objection to the omission of the latter. Tommy seemed to know the salmon can by the cartoon upon it, for at sight of one she would stand erect and beg.

Once my husband was called out of town, on business which kept him until the following day. When night came Tommy showed such uneasiness, feeling no doubt the absence of her master, that I confess I grew a little apprehensive through the long evening hours. When bedtime came I securely locked up the house, then turned the electric light at each globe, in the house, on the front porch, and in the enclosed porch in the rear. I then felt quite safe, for in the hall upstairs we had a switch which controlled every light on the premises.

In the night I was awakened by Tommy's scratching at the covers, as was her habit when she wished to waken me. It was still night, so I thought she was lonely and tried to take her into bed; but no, she jumped down, ran to the rear window and struck a listening attitude. Then I listened; I could hear a low rasping noise, then a sound of a door being forced open. Tommy was distraught and my heart leaped to my throat, as I realized the back entry door had been forced open, and a sound of a file on the kitchen door was distinctly audible. I leaped out of bed, turned the switch and the house was a flood of light. From the window I saw and heard a collision with the pump and then saw a form dash across the lawn and disappear down the river bank. It was three o'clock in the morning. Needless to say, the lights burned forth until daylight, for Tommy and I were fearful, and wide eyed. On her master's return she was praised and petted royally, and told she was better than any dog. She was certainly a darling, and so much company for both of us. The baby grew to be so, too; though she never showed the intelligence of her mother, yet she possessed a remarkably sweet disposition.

The doctor decided to move south, so the pretty home was sacrificed, and our cats promised to a friend in the country. I could never picture to you Tommy's distress as the dismantling process progressed. When a woman came to take up the carpets, Tommy's soul seemed stirred with ire, which she showed so plainly, that the woman insisted she was afraid of her; and truly there seemed cause for alarm, for Tommy showed by growls and attitude the combativeness of a watch dog. It was during this self imposed duty, that our friends drove to the door for their present,—the cats. A cracker box with slats nailed across had been prepared to send them in. So mute and questioning were the four big eyes which peered between those slats, that we felt conscience stricken. Quite overcome by the parting I sat down and gave way to a burst of tears. A loneliness filled my heart, which time has not healed, a longing for the loving attention anl loyal companionship of 'Our Tommy.'

A Night at the Hospice of St. Bernard.

On we climbed, while Mr. Smith impelled our flagging footsteps by an explosive recitation of Longfellow's 'Excelsior,' the scene of which is here. Around a sharp, rocky bend, up an ascent as steep as a house roof, past an overhanging precipice, I went, leaving the gentlemen behind me in the enthusiasm of the approach, and then the gray, solemn, friendly walls of the Hospice, which had seemed to me as dim and distant as the moon's caverns, rose before me outlined upon the placid evening sky.

I stopped and listened eagerly as I approached its open door—no sound but the gurgle of a distant brook; no living object but two great St. Bernard dogs seated upon the broad, dark steps of stone.

A gentleman may be defined as a being always wisely and benignantly equal to the occasion. Such a character appeared upon the scene in the person of 'Reverend Besse,' the 'Hospitable Father,' and chief of the establishment.

Our party in committee of the whole (and on 'minority report') voted him the most delightful man we ever saw. All that is French in manner, united to all that is English in sturdiness of character, all that is winning in Italian tones, united to a German's ideality, a Yankee's keenness of perception, a Scotchman's heartiness, and an Irishman's wit—these qualities seemed blended in our 'none-such' of a host, and fused into harmony by the fire of a brother's love toward man and a saint's fidelity to God. Young, fair, blue-eyed, he stood among our chattering group like one who, from a region of perpetual calm, dispenses radiant smiles and overflowing bounty.

So quick was his discernment; and so sagacious was his decision, that almost without a question he assigned us, in detachments correctly arranged, to fitting domiciles, made each one feel that he or she had been especially expected and prepared for, and within five minutes had so won his way into the innermost recess of everybody's heart, that Mr. Jones expressed in his own idiomatic way the sense of fifty guests when he declared, 'To such a man as that even the Little Corporal might well have doffed his old chapeau.' Who shall do justice to the dinner at the L-shaped table, when the Father sat at the head and said grace, beaming upon his great cosmopoli-

tan family with that young face, so honest, gentle and brave?

Then came the long evening around the huge and glowing hearth-fire. How soon we felt 'acquaint'; how fast we talked in French or German, minding little how the moods and tenses went askew so that we got and gave ideas.

The Father turned from side to side answering with solicitous attention every question that we asked, so that a mosaic of his chief replies would read something like this: 'Mademoiselle asks the indications of the thermometer this August evening? I learn the mercury stands already at forty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and the boundary line of Italy is but five minutes distant. Here, Brother Jean, please provide the beds of all our guests with warming-pans.'

'Yes, lady, our Hospice was founded nine hundred years ago, by Count Bernard of Savoy, who devoted forty years of his life to entertaining and protecting, as we will try to do, the many travellers who annually pass through these mountains between Switzerland and Italy. About twenty thousand were cared for each year in older times, without the smallest charge being made to rich or poor. Now we have not so many, the facilities for travel having so greatly improved. But a great number come over the pass who are out looking for work, and there are also many beggars. These we limit to three days' entertainment. We would gladly keep them longer, but cannot. Our dogs are a cross between Newfoundland and Pyrenean.

'In winter travellers are obliged to wait at a place of refuge we have provided at some distance from these buildings, which is on the very top of the pass, until we send out a man and dog, with refreshments fastened to the neck of the dog, who never once loses his way, though the distance is long. The snow is often thirty feet deep, and the only guide the man has is the banner-like tail of the dog waving through the storm.

'The monks always go out in the most dangerous weather. I lead them at such times. They are not obliged to go—we make it perfectly voluntary.'

Here Kate broke in with an important question: 'How do you occupy your time in summer?' 'Oh, mademoiselle, we study and teach—we had fifty students last season.' 'What do you teach?' 'All that a priest ought to know—theology, philosophy, the laws of the church. We know contemporaneous events, except politics (!) which we do not read.' 'What is your age?' here chimed in the practical Jones. 'Monsieur, I am thirty-one.' ('But he does not look a day older than twenty-three,' whispered practical Sophie, and we all nodded our energetic acquiescence in her figures.) 'How long have you been here?' 'Eleven years, and I remain in perfect health. My predecessors in the office could not endure this high altitude—three of them left in a period of four years.' 'Why are you here?' persisted Jones. The scene was worthy of a painter—that shrewd Yankee, whose very figure was a walking interrogation point, and the graceful, urbane monk, in his long cassock, as leaning in his easy chair and looking forward and a little upward, he answered with slow melodious emphasis, 'Brother, it is my calling, that is all.' So simple was his nature, that to have heard 'a call' from God and not obeyed it would have seemed to him only less monstrous than not to have heard any call at all! At early dawn we were awakened by men's voices in a solemn chant, led by the Hospital Father—and never did religion seem more sacred and attractive than while we listened as through the chapel door came the words of the Te Deum, consecrated by centuries of Christian song, 'We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.' —Frances E. Willard's 'Glimpses of Fifty Years.'

Sample Copies.

'Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Growing Up for God.

A Word to Our Young People.

(Mrs. H. J. Hinkamp, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Suppose a sculptor sees before him a rough shapeless piece of marble or granite; he says, as he looks at it, 'I see no beauty in that marble as it is, but I see real beauty hidden in it, and I'm going to bring it out.' So he considers for a time what he shall bring out, and no sooner has he decided upon something, man, woman, child or animal, than the idea grows within him, and he is filled with enthusiasm to see the outcome of his idea, and then he starts work with his hammer and chisel.

Can we not compare ourselves to that shapeless piece of marble, and say, I see no beauty in myself as I am, but God can help me make something better of myself?

Like the sculptor, we must first consider what we want to make of ourselves. Let us set before us some lofty and ideal character whom we wish to imitate. Let us 'aim high.' Let Jesus Christ be our model!

With such a perfect model before us, ought we not to accomplish something? Now, if we compare ourselves to the shapeless marble, what shall be our hammer and chisel? We will need these quite as much as the sculptor does, for we will find ourselves quite as stubborn and hard to mold as the sculptor finds his rock or marble. Let us compare our will power to the sculptor's hammer and chisel, and bend all our might and power to do the work. Now, the first work the sculptor performs is to strike off some of the ragged, irregular, rough corners, so as to put a little shape to his marble. We must follow his example and strike off some of our ragged rough corners, which could be called boisterousness, wilfulness, sellishness, sulkiness, deception, use of bad words, and especially disrespect and disobedience to parents, while, last, but not least, we must strike away all irreverence in and around the house of God while others are trying to worship.

A pretence of worship and irreverence at the same time are considered mockery by God.

With some of these rough corners gone we may say we have given a little shape to ourselves, and, like the sculptor, we are ready to commence developing some of the finer points. For this work we must look continually at our model; we will be obliged to keep one eye on Him and the other on our hammer and chisel.

So we will try to have first gentleness, calmness and kindness.

We must chisel away our irritability, vehemence, discord and dislike if we would grow like our model. Next we notice when we look at Christ's character how lovely and patient he was, and so we must chisel at our hatred and restlessness. We look again and we notice meekness and lowliness of spirit, and we must chisel at our haughtiness, pride and self-conceit, and we will find this hard and often unpleasant work.

We look again and we notice such self-denial, such heavenly obedience, and such a complete resignation or submission to the will of God, that we say with fear and trembling, how shall we imitate Jesus in this?

The Bible teaches only one way, by saying farewell to self and sin, and living close to God. If we are doing such carving daily we can safely say we are on the right road towards growing up for God.

Once more we turn to the sculptor; does he complete his work in a day or week or month? No, he works many months amid drawbacks and discouragements, but practice makes perfect, and finally he sees his reward. Let us again follow his example and work and carve at ourselves each day and we will receive our reward in due season.

Just as soon as we stop our work of carving, or cease to look at our model, we are off the track to God, and we are side-tracked, and some agency will have to pull us on the main track again. There is a very wise old saying, rather homely, but very true,' Satan tempts most men, but an idler tempts Satan.'

To crowd out Satan we will be obliged to work at ourselves steadily, and so keep on the main track.

There are many agencies at the present time to help us grow for God, and bring us back when we are off the main track. They are: Public worship, the Sabbath school, the Christian Endeavor, besides many others, but there is one agency that strikes the key-note for all these mentioned, and that is a prayerful reading of God's holy word, not merely to gain knowledge, but to gain help and food on the road to God.

'I'm afraid we slight our Bibles too often for the sake of a story book, or worldly pleasure, and treat our Bibles like we do our party clothes, something too choice for daily use. To make something of ourselves in this world requires work, brain, endurance, practice, etc., etc., and if we do it willingly, regardless of cost and time, what does the Bible teach us? 'What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

To make good Christians of ourselves, or

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to be able to say we are daily growing for God will not happen by chance. O, no; it will require a constant carving and a constant watching to remain on the main track. And will this hard work of carving and watching pay us in the end?

The Bible teaches us that 'The sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in God's children in the hereafter.' And now let us all make this important question, 'Am I growing for God?' a personal question, and let us keep this fact before our minds constantly, we are either growing for God, or we are growing away from God, for there is no happy medium taught in the Bible.

A Boy Who Asked for Help.

Miss Elizabeth Tobey, the evangelist, tells this story. She was holding a meeting for children some years ago, and asked all those who would give themselves to Christ to stand up. Three children from one family arose, a boy and his two sisters. 'Now,' said Miss Tobey, 'if you are going to serve Christ you must pray every morning that the Lord will help you, for you cannot do it alone.'

The boy went home and asked his mother to teach him to pray in the morning, and from that time on he prayed in the morning. The boy, although bright in other respects, was a dull scholar, but to the surprise of his friends he suddenly began to improve and gained considerable praise for doing well in school.

'There's a little secret about that, Mother,' said he. 'I ask Jesus every morning to help me with my lessons—and He does.'

Recently Miss Tobey visited the town where the boy, now grown to a lad of fifteen, is living. She was told that his scholarship was so good that he stood at the head of a class of fifty. His Bible, worn by faithful study, and carefully marked, was shown to her, and she knew that when he began to pray for God's blessings upon his work he began to study diligently the Word of God. David said: 'Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice.' It is not enough simply to pray at night.—'South-western Christian Advocate.'

His Heart's Desire.

(Mrs. C. F. Fraser, in the 'American Messenger.')

'People tell me the poor fellow had a great desire to help others. Perhaps his longing may be gratified in the life beyond.'

So, not without tenderness, spoke the relative who had come from a distance to pay the last respects to his crippled cousin. The old housekeeper looked at him strangely.

'I doubt if he'll be any more busy there than he was on earth,' she said.

As she spoke, a tearful little girl made her way into the sunny chamber, where among green vines the dead man lay.

'I loved him such a lot,' she faltered. 'He told me funny stories and he used to crack nuts for me with his crutch.'

A sweet-faced young woman entered quietly. 'He comforted me so when my mother died,' she said softly, 'and made me willing to live for the sake of the dear ones she left behind. He took away all my dread of death and told me to rejoice when he was called home.'

Just then a rosy-cheeked schoolboy joined the little group around the coffin. 'I fonly he could have known that I was on the football team,' he said abruptly, as he gazed at the face from which all trace of suffering had disappeared. 'Do you know,' he said, turning to the stranger, 'that if it had not been for him, I, too, would have been a cripple all my days. When he first saw me, I was a little lame baby, but I had already learned to make my right arm do the work of my right leg. Mother said that his face was very sad as he watched me making my way about the room. Then he drew a long breath and said, "Please God the little fellow will walk manfashion yet." Afterwards, all at his own expense, he took me to a great hospital for treatment. When I came back walking like other boys, he was so proud and happy. When I grew older, he loved to have me come and tell him all about the sports we had at school—the games and races and the exercises in the gymnasium. And now to think I cannot tell him about the football team'— A sob finished the sentence eloquently.

The listener needed no further testimony. He realized the full beauty of that spirit which had risen above the suffering flesh to add to the joys of a little child, to cheer and comfort the sorrowful, and to help the afflicted.

He met the questioning eyes of the housekeeper with a look of understanding. 'Even on earth,' he said gravely, 'my cousin had his heart's desire.'

Only a Rat.

It was on the Great Northern and City Railway, running out of London. Many thousands of passengers are carried by this line into the world's metropolis. It is a new line, but it worked smoothly, without a hitch, until, one day, it was tied up for thirty minutes.

Everything came to a standstill. Passengers fumed. Conductors wondered and fretted. They could get no signal to go ahead, and had to hold their trains stationary. There was lively telegraphing and telephoning, but all to no purpose.

At last the trouble was located, and what do you think it was? At Moorgate Street Station a rat had gnawed the insulating layer off the signal cable! Probably the inquisitive rodent got a severe shock, as inquisitive folk are likely to. At any rate, the place was patched up, the leak in the subtle electricity was stopped, the signals began to work, the trains began to move, brows smoothed out, and the trouble was over.

But it had cost thirty minutes, multiplied by no one knows how many people. And all because of a rat's teeth.

Moral: Don't meddle.

Moral No. 2: Mischief runs far from the starting point.

More Moral: Watch the little things.

Moral to End With: When your part of the world goes wrong, don't jump to the conclusion that the universe is out of joint; it's probably only a rat.—'C. E. World.'

Preaching Under Difficulties.

Bishop Oldham on his recent round in Malaysia visited a Christian Chinese colony at Sitiawan, in Perak. The bishop thus describes a meeting he attended:

'Under a large, rickety-looking shed the congregation was gathered. As I entered with the preachers and elder, the congregation stood and shook both fists at us with a quick, jerky motion. Then all solemnly sat down.

'As men of two dialects were present, it was necessary that the Word spoken in English should be translated first into one and then by another preacher into a second dialect. Dr. Luering, who is a linguistic marvel, translated into the first, and a Chinese preacher followed. It gives a man time to "think on his feet" when a double long pause occurs between each of his sentences. At the same time the necessity for the sentence, holding something worth while is also forcibly impressed upon me.

'On entering, I noticed that the men were gathered on one side and the women and children on the other. Several of the younger men were armed with paper and pencils, prepared to "take notes." A hymn was announced and sung, followed by prayer.

'The text was then given out. The speaker was about to begin when a dog from under the women's benches flew upon one standing within the door, and a lively dog-fight was in session for over a minute. Only the young boys' eyes showed any interest. The rest of the congregation looked alternately from the preacher to the dogs. It was only when the preacher, who was in danger of being greatly interested, declined to begin, that one of the men seized the attacking dog by the hind legs, whirled it round and round, and flung it out of the door. The congregation did not even smile.

'Again the text, but the dog was back. For several times he was beaten and thrown out. There was, perhaps, a trifle of impatience in the looks of a few young men at the delay of the service, but I saw nothing but perfect decorum. The dogs finally settled, the preaching began. The interest was fixed. No more interruptions until a man came in with a captured mouse-deer. This was passed around and commented on, but the preaching went on. The interest was very deep.

'When at the close I asked for all who were sincerely serving God, nearly all the congregation arose, and with shining eyes proclaimed their faith and devotion. Poor immigrants in a strange land, meeting a hundred difficulties, yet with true Chinese good sense they see the opportunity before them and find in the Gospel infinite comfort amid all their trials.'—'Christian Advocate.'

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Any subscriber sending in these trial subscriptions at the full rate as per above offers, to the amount of two dollars, will receive as a special premium, a fountain pen or watch, as he may choose.

The pen is a full sized pen, with gold nib, iridium pointed, for extra durability, compares well with any two dollar pen in the market; can be had in three grades—fine, medium or stub points.

The watch is a good, reliable, nickel watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed by the maker. With proper use it will last for years. Who will be the first to win one of these premiums?

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Having Some Fun.

'I'll tell you how we can have some fun,' said Frank, one bright, moonlight night for sliding and snowballing.

'What? How?'

'Who has a wood-saw?' said Frank.

'I have.' 'So have I,' replied three of the boys.

'Get them, then, and you and Fred, and Tom each get an ax, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in ten minutes.

The boys started to go on their errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in play. But Frank was liked, and they believed in what he said, and were soon together again.

'Now,' he said, 'Widow Brown has gone to sit up all night with a sick child.

'A man brought her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that, unless she got some one to saw it to-night she would not have anything to make a fire with in the morning.

'Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easily as we could make a snow man.'

One or two of the boys said they did not care to go, but most of them thought it would be fun.

It was not a long job for seven strong and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path.

When they had done this, so great was their pleasure that one of them, who had at first said he would not go, proposed they should go to a carpenter shop near by, where plenty of shavings could be had, and each bring an armful.

The next morning when the tired widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was surprised, and, when a friend told her how it was done, her earnest prayer, 'God bless the boys!' was enough to make them happy.—Exchange.

Blin.

(By Constance Coniagh, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

In the gray first light of the early winter morning Blin came out of the sod-house bare-headed and wearing a man's coat over her old red dress for warmth, for the wind that blew in from the arroyo threatened by its very chill to shift and become a norther. A moment she stood after she had shut the door behind her, bewildered in the ghostly stillness and emptiness, then her head seemed to clear a little and she ran to the corral whistling for Pedro. Pedro, the old pinto broncho, snuggled against the warm side of the hay-stack which both sheltered and fed him, turned his watchful eye upon her doubtfully. What did she mean by calling him at this unearthly hour? Blin had to whistle again and again before he would move and then he came ambling, loath to take the bit of the bridle she held. Blin climbed upon the fence and from thence to his unsaddled back, slapped his neck with her bare hand and was off to the nearest neighbor's.

Once fairly under way Pedro made good time. He was lean and hippy and gaited after a manner all of his own, but Blin sat on his back as safely as you sit in your rocking chair. She and Pedro were comrades of long standing, but never before had they set forth on so early or so anxious a journey together. They were going toward the east, which slowly lightened with the rise of the cloud-ridden sun. Blin's eyes were fixed upon it. When at last a dark lump showed against the sky, a sob of thankfulness escaped her. A little later, still urging Pedro to his best, she rode in among the ranch-buildings to the ranch-house door. A startled face appeared at the window, the door sprang open and Blin was dragged from Pedro's back by a tall, lank man with a pipe in his mouth. He took her into the kitchen and set her down by the stove which was roaring with a fire just kindled. In a moment the house was astir. Night-gowned children peeped out at different doors. Then came the ranchman's wife. Blin, half dead with cold and weariness and the experiences of that long night, looked up at her and spoke for the first time.

'Paw's gone,' she whispered.

The ranchman's wife set her hands on her hips and stared.

'Gone!' she repeated.

Blin nodded listlessly.

'He's dead,' she said.

Three days before he had been seized with a stitch in his side. Blin doctored him as best she could with the remedies at hand and they both thought he was getting better, for the pain had eased, when suddenly his breath stopped and he was gone without speaking. When the first agony of the shock had passed, Blin had left Cap, the old dog, to keep the house and watch while she went for help.

Well, they buried him as such things are done on the prairie where ministers are even less to be had than doctors, the sod-house door was secured with a nail against possible intrusion, and Blin, with Cap and Pedro and a valise packed with all her worldly goods of value of whatsoever kind, went home with Neighbor Bard. But there was no room for her in the ranch-house, already over-full of children, squabbling, shouting, romping all day long and little enough food to give her where pone and bacon was scarce even for the mouths that claimed them. What was to become of her?

'Hain't yo' got any folks anywhar?' the ranchman's wife asked.

Blin thought.

'Thar's a cousin of paw's up no'th somewhars that he used to write to. She's ail, I reckon.

She hunted through her belongings and found the last letter from this cousin. It was dated nine months before. Blin did not know whether her father had answered it or not, but she supposed he had. He was fond of this cousin, who seemed to be the last link left between him and the old life. He had told Blin about her, how they used to go to school together and how pretty she was. Blin had always wanted to see her.

The ranchman and his wife listened to the letter and considered it. They could not read but Blin could. Her father had taught her.

'Mebby now she'd let yo' come an' live with her,' the ranchman suggested finally.

'I know she would,' Blin said, confidently. From a mere shadow Cousin Favor was fast becoming a delightful substance, affording idealistic possibilities as her starved, imaginative little soul craved. Her father had never said that in case he died she could live with Cousin Favor, for neither of them had ever thought of his dying. But now that he was dead and she was left, what better thing could she do? The ranchman and his wife agreed with her.

'Yo' know, honey,' the little brown-faced woman said, laying a gentle hand on Blin's shoulder, 'we-uns would keep yo' with us allus and treat yo' like yo' was our own, but yo' cyan see fo' yo'self how it is. When thar's nine children and three dawgs in a house o' this sizen it don' leave mo'n enough room fo' the grown-ups.' She sighed deeply. 'I 'low ef that thar woman will take yo' an' do well by yo', yo' better go to her. Howsomever that's fo' yo' to jedge. Yo' know mo' bouten her than we-uns do.'

Blin did not know much more about her really but she had imagined a great deal and believed what she had imagined. She made up her mind to go at once. But how? A railroad ticket cannot be had for nothing. The ranchman pondered. He even went clear to Crystal City to get information from the agent there. Blin had a little money and he managed to get the rest somehow, she never knew how, for he would not tell her.

'Jes' yo' take it an' never min', honey,' his wife said. 'Ef we-uns had mo' yo' should have mo'. We hain't a-begrudgin' it to yo' any. I 'low yo'll pay us back ef yo' ever cyan.'

'I shore will,' Blin said, crying over their generosity and the pain of parting, which was very near now. She left Pedro for security. As for Cap, the ranchman's wife said another dog more or less did not matter, and she 'lowed he could hunt enough to help out his living. Then one morning, bright and early, the ranchman took Blin and her valise to Crystal City, forty miles away. Blin was crying. She was leaving all that was dear and true and tried in her life and at the last she would have drawn back if she could. But it was too late now. There was nothing to do but to face the future bravely and hopefully and her faith in Cousin Favor helped her to do this.

The ranchman, who knew a little something about the ways of railroads, put her aboard the train, told the conductor her story and asked him to see to her. The conductor had girls of his own and he pitied this big-eyed, bewildered little girl from nowhere, who was taking her first ride on the cars. When she left his train he put her in charge of the next conductor, who likewise kept an eye on her. Thus she was passed on at each change and aside from the conductors no one spoke to her.

It was mid-afternoon of a snowy day when she reached her destination. She stumbled down to the platform, tugging her old valise, as strange-looking, travel-stained a figure as had ever alighted there. Everybody stared at her, but she had grown used to staring eyes. She asked a man who seemed familiar because he wore boots and a slouch hat, where Cousin Favor lived. He scratched his head.

'Favor who?' he asked.

Blin did not know. She had utterly forgotten the needful last name. But the man set to work to help her. He inquired of a dozen people before he got the right answer.

'I guess you mean Favor Smith,' he said to Blin. 'I'll take you right to her house.'

Blin went with him thankfully and let him carry the valise. They walked a good ways and at last came to a still side street and a small house from which the paint was pretty well washed off. The man stopped.

'Here's the place,' he said. 'You better go to that side door.'

Blin obeyed. She felt as if she were in a dream. What would Cousin Favor say at seeing her? Would she kiss her? She knocked tremblingly and the door opened. A middle-aged woman with a bald spot on top of her head and a nose too large for her face stood there. She looked at Blin up and down.

'Well?' she demanded.

'Does Cousin Favor live hyar?' Blin asked, faintly.

'Favor Smith lives here and I'm she, but I don't know as I'm cousin to anyone.'

Blin stood paralyzed, her poor little dreams which had heartened her all the way from the prairie country, melted bubble-wise. All the beauty and sweetness possible for her to imagine had gone to fashion her ideal of Cousin Favor. And now here was Cousin Favor homelier than the homeliest prairie woman she had ever seen.

'Who are you and what do you want? Who —' the question was being put to her the second time before she found voice to answer it.'

'I'm Blin,' she said. 'I'm Jim Thayer's gal. He's dead, and I've come—' she broke down.

Cousin Favor fell against the door-casing.

'For the land's sakes!' she cried. 'You ain't come all the way from Texas to live with me?'

'Yes, I have,' sobbed Blin.

It was Cousin Favor's turn to be paralyzed, but she recovered sooner than Blin had. This was the last thing she had ever expected. She pulled Blin into the room beyond. It was an old maid's room, but the rag carpet and plants and bird cage made it look cheerful.

'Sit down,' she commanded.

Blin dropped limply into a chair. Cousin Favor stood in front of her and looked at her.

'How old are you?' she asked.

'I'm turned fourteen.'

'You're real small for your age. And black as can be. I don't know—well, so Jim's dead, is he?'

Blin's chin quivered.

'What took it into your head to come way up here?'

Blin looked up.

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'Thar wan't no place else fo' me,' she said, miserably.

Cousin Favor's face softened.

'Well, take off your things,' she said. 'You're hungry, of course. I'll set something out on the kitchen table for you, enough to stay your stomach till supper time.'

Blin was starved. She had eaten the last of her pone and bacon that morning and had had nothing since. Cousin Favor's bread and milk brought a look of life into her face. Cousin Favor sat on the other side of the table and watched her eat.

'What did you say your name was?' she queried.

Blin told her again.

'Blin!' Cousin Favor repeated scornfully. 'I could never turn my tongue to it. I shall call you Bee-lindy.'

And so a week later when Blin began to go to school her name was registered as Belinda Thayer. Cousin Favor took her down to the academy and gave her into the hands of the gentle-faced old principal. It did not take him long to find out what she knew of books and to place her where she belonged in a room with pupils all younger than herself. The teacher was a soft-eyed young woman who saw possibilities in this little wild girl, but her kindness could not mitigate the cruelty of her pupils who at once leagued themselves against this alien in their midst. Cousin Favor had rigged Blin out with articles from her own ancient wardrobe, each one of which was a target for ridicule.

Blin knew that she did not look like the other girls and she suffered with all her sensitive soul. Her heavy shoes clumped dreadfully, however light she stepped. It was positive agony for her to have to walk up the aisles to her desk between two rows of giggling girls. Over these shoes Cousin Favor made Blin wear a pair of arctics, which she had bought for herself and found too small. Thus shod it seemed to Blin that she was all feet and as noticeable as a monstrosity.

All the girls in her room used red felt-edged double slates for their examples. Blin told Cousin Favor, who promised to get her a slate, and did, but not a red felt-edged one, alas. This was as large as half a door. Blin looked at it in dismay.

'It didn't cost no more than the smaller sizes,' Cousin Favor said. 'I believe in getting the worth of your money.'

That slate was a new instrument of torture for Blin. The first time she took it to school the boys asked her what she was carrying that blackboard round with her for. She had to keep it on top of her desk because it was too large to go in the shelf underneath. If she set it in the aisle someone was sure to knock it over with a thunderous bang. When the room was cleared for writing the teacher passed down on a tour of inspection. She came to Blin.

'Put your slate in your desk, Belinda,' she said gently.

'I can't,' she whispered, 'it's too big.'

The teacher smiled in spite of herself.

'Well,' she said, and passed on.

But Blin did not dare to ask Cousin Favor for a different slate. She would as soon have asked Elliott Wheeler for her diamond ring.

Elliott Wheeler, the principal's daughter, was the prettiest girl who had ever attended school at the academy. The first time Blin met her she thought an angel had appeared to her. Never had she seen anything so beautiful as this white-and-gold girl, fragrant and rare as a mesquite flower. Here at last was someone to whom she could attach her fancy. Here was the ideal she was always seeking. Blin began to worship Elliott. And Elliott, lovely as she looked, smiled amusedly at this little wild girl who stared, paralyzed, whenever she passed. How Blin treasured those smiles! They were the sunshine of her life.

Elliott wore green, a green raglan and hat. To Blin green straightway became the most desirable color in the world, for Elliott had honored it in the wearing. But it would have been just the same if she had worn brown or black. And Blin dreamed dreams lying wide awake o' nights on her hard bed. Suppose a fairy godmother should appear to her as to Cinderella and dress her in clothes that she could wear unashamed, clothes like Madge More's, for instance, why, Elliott would speak to her then. She always spoke to Madge More. But the fairy godmother never came and Elliott never spoke. She was going to graduate in June and was much occupied.

Spring was not far off. Blin looked forward to it with anxiety. It meant that she could discard the arctics. Besides, Cousin Favor was making her a gingham dress.

'I've got to pay the school tax, anyway,' Cousin Favor reasoned to her one intimate friend, 'and I may as well have someone to send to school and get the benefit of it. I've got things enough in the house to send her for three years and she's real handy to help around. She's dispositioned like her father, but that's the only way she takes after him. He was the easiest going, shiftlessest critter that ever walked, as I remember.'

The very fact that Cousin Favor had once known her father made her dear to Blin. She had a good many homesick spells during that long winter. One day Cousin Favor found her at the window crying.

'Oh,' she gulped, 'I'm so glad thar hain't no snow down whar he is.'

Cousin Favor understood.

'Snow's as good as flowers,' she said, dryly. 'You don't want to go back to that heathenish country, I hope. I should think you mighty ungrateful if you did.'

But Blin would have given all the world to go back if only just long enough to see the Bards and pat Pedro and kiss Cap and take a good look around the sod-house where she now believed she must have been very happy. There was no use in writing to the Bards. A letter would mean nothing to them. But she meant to study hard and get to teaching so that she could pay the debt she owed them.

Her homesicknesses wore away as spring came. There was arbutus on the hill back of Cousin Favor's. Soon there would be violets and anemones and adder-tongues. Cousin Favor tapped the maple trees in front of her house and made maple sugar, the first Blin had ever tasted. The girl felt the stir of new life in her as well as in the woods and fields. Slowly her dreams began to shape themselves in words which she wrote down as well as she could after the manner of an old book of poetry Cousin Favor had. One morning she wrote some verses on a slip of paper and wrapped it about the stems of a little bunch of arbutus. It was the first offering to her divinity. At noon her room happened to be dismissed and she lingered trembling near the outer door watching the older pupils pass. At last came Elliott in her green raglan and hat. Blin dropped the flowers at her feet, and, without waiting to see whether Elliott picked them up or not, ran away as fast as her big shoes would let her, her heart beating as if it would burst.

Thereafter whenever she saw Elliott she held her eyes down as shyly as if she had committed some crime. And if Elliott ever smiled at her the smile never hit the mark.

One afternoon Kate Hall, who sat just behind Blin, upset her ink-well. She gave a little shriek, and Blin naturally looked round to see what was the matter. Kate was mopping up the too plentiful ink as fast as she could with a sheet of blotting paper, and as Blin turned her head she slapped her across the cheek with it.

It was done more in mischief than in malice, but Blin's heart was broken. Of course all who saw the occurrence set up a giggle. Blin did look comical. Vainly she scrubbed her cheek with her handkerchief. The ink would not come off. The rest of the afternoon she sat with her hand over that side of her face. The teacher kept Kate after school and made her apologize, but that did not lessen Blin's humiliation. When school was dismissed she lagged after the others, hoping to get downstairs without anyone further seeing her.

The stairs were long, and near the bottom a hole had been worn in the matting, a pitfall for unwary or heavily cumbered feet. Blin hastening down in her heavy shoes, laden with her books and big slate, saw Elliott Wheeler standing in the hall below—Elliott, her ideal, all white-and-gold as ever, wearing that beloved green raglan and hat. Blin gave one despairing look at her, then somehow her toe caught in the torn matting and she fell headlong with a great clatter. Her books scattered and the big slate, her daily trial, shattered in a dozen pieces at Elliott's feet.

She was up in an instant regardless of her bruised elbows and shins, only conscious of the ridiculous appearance she must make in Elliott's eyes. Then she felt an arm about her and saw Elliott's face close to her's.

'Are you hurt?' Elliott asked. 'I know you must be. That was a dreadful fall.'

Blin tried to speak and failed. She shook her head.

'I've been waiting to see you,' Elliott went on. 'I've wanted a long time to thank you for the verses you sent me. Did you compose them yourself?'

Blin nodded. Elliott looked at her attentively.

'That's what papa said, but I couldn't believe it. Why, you've got wonderful talent, do you know it? I'm coming to see you, and you must show me all your verses. And papa, too. He can tell you better than I, but I think if you work hard you ought to earn money, and perhaps fame by your writing.'

Was it true? Was Elliott saying those words to her? Blin's great eyes were fixed upon the inspiring face.

'You don't think I mean it, do you?' Elliott said, smiling. 'Well, I do, every word. You'll see.' She released Blin and picked up the books and the pieces of the broken slate. 'I'll just walk home with you and help you carry these,' she said.

She did walk home with Blin, and before they reached Cousin Favor's Blin had told her everything. Not until she went in and Cousin Favor exclaimed at the sight of her ink-stained face did she remember it, and then she did not care. Elliott had walked, and talked with her. Elliott was going to be her friend. Elliott had promised to read all her verses and copy the best and send them to be printed. Elliott—Elliott—Elliott.

Blin smiled in her sleep that night and the next day, after a visit from Elliott, Cousin Favor went to the store and bought her a red felt-edged double slate.

The Never Fail Club.

(Brand Baird, in the 'Maritime Baptist.')

The club may be said to have been discovered one of the stormiest days of the winter. It was cold, too, and the wind blew to a gale.

The superintendent had so few pupils that for a time he hesitated about opening the Sunday school at all. When the time came for the classes to go to their corners in the big country church he saw there were present but three teachers out of seven, and not more than twenty pupils. Over in one corner was a teacher surrounded by a number of scholars who seemed to belong to one class. They were not the largest scholars of the school; they did not live nearest the church, either.

The superintendent was puzzled. He went over to the class. 'Miss Wilton,' he said, 'you are to be congratulated; so are your boys. How does this happen? You're all here.'

'Yes,' said Miss Wilton, smiling, 'we're all here. We have a club, you know, Mr. Baker.'

'What kind of a club?'

The teacher's eye ran along the line of ten boys to one next the end. 'Tom,' she said, 'you started it. Tell Mr. Baker about it, and its name.'

The boy looked down shyly. 'Oh, there isn't much to tell. It's just the Never-Fail Club. Me an' Mark here'—he tipped his head a little toward the boy at his right—'heard you say one day last summer when it was pouring rain that you wished our people were all never-failing people. On our way home we made up our minds to form a club. We weren't to say much about it, but we spoke to Miss Wilton and the rest of the fellows. They said they'd join, an'—so—an' so we're here. There isn't much to it; we just made a pledge to be here—to never fail.'

The superintendent went back to his place. Out of the fragments of what should have been six classes he made three. One of these he taught himself. When the scholars were putting on coats and tying scarfs about them before going out into the fierce storm, the superintendent had time for a few words with Miss Wilton, whose face beamed cheerfully.

'And have you a pledge, Miss Wilton?' he said. 'Do they sign something? I can't get your—what is it you call it?—your Never-fail Club out of my head. That's the thing we need in this church.'

'Oh, no, we don't write anything; we don't

sign any pledge, but we do resolve to come to the Sunday school when we can. By never-fail we just mean that we will each put forth the biggest effort possible.'

'I see,' said the superintendent. 'But haven't you a constitution? How do you hold together?'

'We have no rules but these; we just say we'll join—we give in our names to Tom Martin. He writes them down under the name, "The Never-fail Club," then—then'—Miss Wilton's face became sweetly reverent—'then we pray. We just promise and pray—that's all there is to it.'

Then the brisk, happy little teacher was off. When the big church that cracked and groaned under the storm was empty the superintendent sat down and thought. Things were not going well. The attendance at the church was declining; prayer-meeting had become almost an impossibility. Contributions had fallen off alarmingly. Some who had never before failed were failing lately. Deacon Sutton had dropped out of prayer-meeting; now and then he missed a Sunday service; The Sunday school was surely and steadily declining. Something must be done. But what?

As he plodded home through the fast-deepening snow the few bright thoughts that came to the superintendent's mind were those that were associated with what he had heard and seen of the Never-fail Club. There was a strength and grip about the very words that helped Deacon Baker as he battled on through the snow. Just as he reached home he said to himself, 'I'll not give up for another month anyway, an' I'll go an' see Tom about the club.'

Some four weeks passed away. The minister of the congregation and his wife were in earnest conversation. The minister was speaking. 'It's true,' he said. 'I have noticed a difference, especially this last two weeks. Perhaps I should wait for another Sunday before reading it.' He held up a paper on which was written the resignation of his charge.

'There were more women than usual at the missionary society on Tuesday; indeed, more than I've seen in three years,' said the minister's wife.

'I can't understand it. The school and the prayer-meeting, as well as the Sunday services, are all better attended. Perhaps I should wait; there may not be as much opposition to us as we had imagined. Still, I had resolved to resign at to-morrow's service.'

He folded the paper he held in his hand and put it in his desk. That night there was a new note of buoyancy and faith in the prayer he offered at family worship. The Sunday that followed convinced the minister that he had done right in withholding his resignation. The choir was present in a body; the church was fuller than it had been for years. Then there was a new spirit of heartiness and reverence that could not be measured by numbers. It could not be the weather; the roads were bad and a storm had threatened all day. Could it be that his sermons were better lately, more attractive and popular? He could not tell. But of one thing he became sure as time went on, there was some new and vital force at work among his people. The Christian Endeavor, the prayer-meeting, the missionary society, the Sunday school, the collection even, all showed increase and new life. If under these circumstances the minister still left his resignation folded away in his desk, if his sermons were better than usual, neither of these things was at all surprising.

Time ran on until six months had passed. It was the great day of the midsummer communion. There was a great crowd, there were thirty-four new members to unite with the church at a single service. The minister, so puzzled at first, had given up wondering or inquiring as to the cause of the evident outpouring of the Spirit. He had gone about rejoicing in his soul. But on the Monday evening following the communion, at the Christian Endeavor meeting, the minister learned how the work of grace had begun. It was the superintendent of the Sunday school, Deacon Baker, who made all clear. After calling the minister to the front, and presenting him with an address and a large purse of money, he said:

'I firmly believe, brethren, that many, if not all of you, are fully aware of the fact that our present happy spiritual and financial position as a church is due to God's blessing upon the efforts of a single boy—Thomas Martin.'

The minister and a few others who had not known looked surprised; scores of those present, some inwardly, some audibly, said, 'That's true.' There was intense interest as the superintendent continued. He told the story of the stormy Sunday of six months before, of his own discouragement, of his resolution to give up in despair, when he discovered the Never-fail Club.

The sense of wonder on the minister's face deepened. There was a shy, modest boy near the rear of the church whose face was hot and whose heart beat nervously. But regardless of the boy and the minister's astonishment Mr. Baker went on:

'I saw from the first that the idea was the right one. I spoke to the other deacons, to the finance committee, and also to a number of the members. They all said it seemed to be just what we needed in our church. People had come to feel no sense of responsibility about anything. We had been leaving you, sir'—he turned and faced the minister to whom things were slowly becoming plain—'we had been leaving you to do everything; we had been staying away from service except when it suited our inclination to come; we had no sense of responsibility, until that boy down there—and I believe in givin' honor to whom honor is due—showed us all our duty.'

He paused for a moment. Word about a little child leading them flitted through the minister's mind. There was a hurried movement and a door opened in the rear of the church. The superintendent did not notice this.

'I think, he said, 'we ought to show our gratitude in some public manner to the boy who started us on the way to prosperity when we were down so low. I move that as a Christian Endeavor society—no, as a congregation, for we are almost all here—I move that we extend a vote of thanks to Thomas Martin, who organized the Never-fail Club.'

The motion was seconded by more than twenty persons at once. When it had been put and carried with a great burst of applause, there were several cries of 'Speech! Speech!' There were more movements in the rear of the church. Some boys and young men were seen to go out.

'He's gone, Mr. Baker,' said a voice. 'Tom went out a few minutes ago.'

Those who understood began to smile, for they knew Tom was shrewd as well as modest. But there was soon a sound of returning footsteps in the vestibule. They brought the boy in and up the aisle to the front of the church. The minister met him and grasped his hand.

'You must make a speech,' said the clergyman. But Tom only looked down.

'Tell us about the club,' persisted the minister.

'Oh, the club, it wasn't much when it begun. We just said we'd promise—and pray—and never fail.'

At the last words another wave of applause swept the church. Before this was over Tom was well down the aisle to the door. On their way home people said laughingly that it had been a great meeting that night.

Mr. Baker is still superintendent of the Sunday school, which is large and flourishing. The minister's resignation is still in his desk.

Good Wishes.

Oh that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might ever tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each word, and deed, and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes? Lord, my eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry—
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis done, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

—An Old Poet.

Bravery.

A young officer, in his first battle, was moved to run away, but he saw that that was exactly what his men were preparing to do. So he instantly rallied himself, and then exhorted them to stand firm. We can lead others only by being brave and strong ourselves.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

A Japanese commander said of his men, 'Japanese soldiers are expected to be brave, not promoted for bravery.'

BOYS! ATTENTION!!

CHRISTMAS POCKET MONEY.

Who could use some more? Please, don't all speak at once, but remember there is Christmas pocket money waiting for active boys—yes, girls, too, who will sell the 'Canadian Pictorial' Christmas Number. Fancy! a special Christmas Number, much larger than previous issues, interesting Christmas features, three separate colors—all for ten cents, the price of an ordinary number.

It will be a most delightful substitute for a Christmas booklet for those who want to send a holiday token to friends at a distance—and who does not? What more acceptable remembrance could be found for relatives in England or Scotland, or in the United States, than this beautiful Canadian illustrated Paper?

This Christmas Number will sell like 'hot cakes,' a favorite phrase with our 'Pictorial' boys. Scarcely a family but will buy at least one copy, and many will want two or three, if not more.

Already, a large number of orders are on file waiting till this Christmas issue is off the press. If you send cash with order you can secure all you want at once, and get your premium at the same time. Otherwise, we send out in lots of twelve, you to remit for each dozen before getting the next. It is expected that the edition, though a large one, will be rapidly exhausted, therefore get in among the 'early birds,' so that you won't be disappointed.

Remember, twenty-four copies sold at ten cents gives you a watch; eighteen, a fountain pen, and twelve, a fine jack-knife. Let us hear from you.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

'Messenger' Subscribers.

By quickly recognizing and taking advantage of good offers, one gets much pleasure.

Consult the date on your address label, and if it indicates that your subscription to the 'Messenger' is about due, read carefully the clubbing offers under the 'Canadian Pictorial's' large advertisement, and take advantage of them. Other clubbing offers appear elsewhere in this paper. The 'Weekly Witness,' or the 'Canadian Pictorial' are particularly suited to clubbing with the 'Messenger.' And if you club with one or other, or both of them, and do not like the publication, we will cheerfully refund for the unexpired term of the subscription. But we are sure that you will greatly like them.

If your subscription to the 'Messenger' be not due for a long time, then consult the 'Canadian Pictorial' Coupon. You will never regret taking advantage of the bargain it offers.

LITTLE FOLKS

Baking-Day.

(By Anna Burnham Bryant, in 'Congregationalist.')

Mistress Marjorie loves to play
She is the cook on baking-day.
Up goes the sleeve from the dimpled arm;
On goes the tier to keep from harm
Dress of lace and embroidery—
'Sometimes you spill things!' says Marjorie.

Sweet and sticky from top to toe,
Watch her tripping it to and fro.
Raisins and currants and eggs and spice,
Citron and sugar and all that's nice,
Butter and essences—'Deary me!
Cooks can't be stingy!' says Marjorie.

Into the oven she pops a pie.
'Won't they just love a piece by and by!
Cookies and cakes and the puddings too,
Marked with an 'I' and a 'love' and a 'U';
Brown and bonny they soon will be.
Cooking is lovely!' says Marjorie.

Mother goes by with a pat and a smile
(Watching the oven all the while);
Father comes tip-toeing out to look
At the little maid a-playing cook;
Laughing at her as she laughs in glee.
'The cook is lovely, at least!' says he.

One Snowy Day.

(By Fay Stuart.)

Such a dreary morning! The snow fell thickly, whirling and blustering into every corner until at last the electric cars could not run and even the snowploughs were stuck fast.

The Gordon children, Ora, Eva and Amy, stood at the window looking up at the snowflakes that filled the gray sky. Three sober little faces they were, for this was the day when Grandmother Keith was to come and make them a long visit. Grandmother could knit the nicest hoods and mittens for their dolls, and oh, such splendid stories as she knew!

'If the cars don't run, Grandma can't come to-day,' said Amy, sadly.

'And there isn't a thing to do except play the same old games,' added Eva's doleful voice.

Just then a bright face appeared in the window across the way and nodded a friendly 'Good-morning'.

'Oh, Olive is giving the chick-a-dees some crumbs!' cried Ora. 'Let us give them some breakfast, too, for everything is buried in the snow.'

So they lifted the window softly and threw some pieces of bread upon the piazza. Down came a dozen plump, brown birds, fluttering, twittering and darting side-long glances at the little girls as they hungrily picked up the crumbs.

'Oh! oh!' cried the children in a chorus, when a little later they saw Mrs. Merriman and Olive wading through the deep drifts to visit them.

'Now we'll have a lovely time!' cried excitable Ora, dancing about in delight. 'Splendid things always happen when Olive is around.'

'Mother and I got lonesome,' explained Olive, as she stamped the snow from her rubber boots and shook out the moist curls, 'so she brought her sewing to be company for your mother and I've got this big fashion book that Aunt Fannie sent me. Let's cut out the dolls first and then we will make some furniture.'

There was a rush for scissors, and soon the four little girls sitting in a group upon the play-room floor forgot that it was a stormy day, as the scissors went snip, snip, and their pile of paper dolls increased.

From some pasteboard that would bend but not break, Olive, who knew how to make all sorts of pretty things, cut some cute chairs, tables and couches. Amy got mother's piece-bag and made tiny red silk table covers and upholstered Olive's chairs with bright bits of velvet. Eva found some jewellery boxes filled with pink cotton, from which she made cradles by gluing on some rockers.

It took until noon to get the families made and named and the furniture set in order. Each paper

family had five children and a mother, beside a baby for the cradle. Ora was delighted when she found two babies and could have twins in her cradle.

Amy was to be the school teacher, so in the corner behind the big Morris chair she arranged rows of chairs and a table for her school-room.

They each chose a rug for a carpet, stood a row of books upon one side, while the wall made another side of their rooms. Olive cut out some pictures of pianos and they were set against the wall, while bits of fringed ribbons were spread upon the floors for rugs and tiny pillows lay cozily on the couches.

After dinner, they set the children in the chairs, put the babies to bed and began to play in earnest.

Amy's pupils repeated all the multiplication tables that she knew, spelled words in a wonderful, new way, and were the stupidest scholars that she ever met. The babies fretted and cried, the mothers went visiting each other and told all the latest news, the children were naughty and got sent to bed without any supper. All sorts of exciting things happened in those three families! When Eva's biggest boy fell off the couch and broke his arm, Olive's little Violet Estelle lost one foot, and all of Ora's children were sick with the whooping-cough. Amy closed the school room, produced a grave-looking gentleman whom she introduced as Dr. Wilbur and she and the doctor visited from home to home, administering pills, advice and glue until every one of those paper darlings was strong and well.

At sunset the clouds began to break, the snow plough went noisily by, leaving the rails clear, and then just at dusk came several electrics from the city and—Grandmother Keith!

'Well, dearies, what did you find to amuse you this snowy day?' asked Grandmother that evening as they sat around the crackling wood fire.

Then such a chattering as there was while the three little girls told grandmother all about feeding the hungry chick-a-dees, Olive's visit and the splendid fun they had playing paper dolls.—'The Advance.'

The Little Sister of the Elephant.

(A Hindu Fable, in a Missionary Magazine.)

A missionary in a foreign land picks up many interesting stories. From Agra, in India, the Rev. Daniel Jones, a Baptist missionary, sends this story, which he heard or read.

There was once a fakir (meaning a beggar) who, with his little lame goat, went about from place to place asking for a handful of grain or a night's shelter, according as he had need. Now this goat was but a sorry-looking little creature, with a broken horn and a lame foot; yet he cared for her tenderly. One day, in the course of their wanderings, they came to a 'dharmsala,' or rest house, where they were to spend the night, and, as usual, the fakir looked after the comfort of his solitary companion before he laid himself down upon the hard stone floor to sleep. She was left just outside to nibble contentedly the fresh, green grass, and to while away as pleased her best the long hours till morning. No thought had she of venturing into the dark and dismal jungle close by, but somehow in her search for the grass she was allured farther and farther away from home. Suddenly she realized that she was lost. Alas! She had walked too far that day into the ferocious tiger's precincts, and now she knew not which way to turn. Besides, her foot was paining her so that she could not take another step. So, seeing in the dark forest soil the huge footprint of an elephant, the poor little lame thing crouched down in it, and waited, trembling, for whatever might befall.

She needed not, however to wait long. The tiger was already strolling about his grounds in search of prey, and it is not to be wondered at that he soon found the fakir's goat.

'Who are you?' he roared most terribly.

'If you please,' she answered, in an agony of fear and dread, 'I am the little sister of the elephant.'

Quite taken aback by this reply, her enemy thought it behoved him now to be upon his guard; for, though this was generally called the tiger's jungle, he well knew that the elephant and not himself was the actual proprietor of it.

'Madam,' said he, a little less uproariously, 'prove your connection with the elephant and I will leave you unharmed. How is it that you are his little sister?'

'Do you not see,' she replied, 'that I am lying in one of his footprints awaiting his return? This is proof that I am his little sister.'

The tiger may have had his doubts, but he said 'Good evening,' and went away. Far be it from him to provoke a quarrel with the huge wild elephant.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten night for the fakir's goat. One after another, the wolf, 'the jackal the fox, and other wild beasts of the forest passed by and plied her with similar questions, but for them all she had ready the same answer, 'I am the little sister of the elephant.' So the hours wore on until morning, when the great elephant himself discovered her lying in one of his footprints. At sight of him she sprang forward with a glad cry and knelt before him.

'Pray, who are you?' he asked her as the others had done.

'Through thy charity,' she replied, 'I am become as thy little sister. But for this dear foot before which I kneel, I should have perished in the night.'

Then she went on to tell her whole story.

The elephant was greatly pleased, and said:

'Little sister, crouching in my footprint all night, you have been frightened and cold and hungry. Come now, let me lift you upon my back, where you can nibble the tender leaves from the trees as I walk along, where the sun can shine and the morning breezes can blow upon you, and where all inhabitants of the jungle can see that I am your protector—that I have acknowledged you my little sister from this day. Go where you please, do what you will, none shall dare molest you, because you belong to me!'

We all need a safe hiding place, don't we? We are poor, weak, lame things at best, and we are all of us exposed to great dangers from wild beasts of sin, pride, anger, untruthfulness, and many others, but Jesus is the great hiding place. Do we know him as our big Brother, and are we all hiding in him?

Correspondence

ADDRESS WANTED.

Will E. Bessie Conroy, T. R., N. B., please send her address to the Editor?

N., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to school, and am in the fourth reader. We have about two miles to go to school.

I have taken the 'Messenger' for almost two years, and I like it very much. I liked the continued story very much, and was sorry when it was finished. St. Cecilia had a hard time, and so did Puddin'; but like all other story people, they turned out all right.

For pets we have a dog and a cat, the dog are jokes like nuts?' 'Because you crack them.' And the oldest tree in America is 'The Elder Tree.'

E. R.

F. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy 9 years of age, and I am visiting my auntie in Muskoka. I like it up here very much. My auntie lives right beside the lake. There are lots of big fish up here. I am going to start to school here on Monday. I am in the second class. We are quite near two railways, James' Bay, and C. P. R. The big steamboats come right near the house into the wharf. I intend to start to Sunday School this afternoon, where my auntie gets the 'Messenger.' I have tried to answer some of the questions. Myrtle Whitmell asks some. First question: The answer is Paint; second question is Pear.

Lillan McGee has two: First question: They

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Union Jack.' J. Louis Stoddart (aged 7), S., N.S.
2. 'Horse's Head.' Merl [illegible] (aged [illegible] S., N.S.
3. 'A Dog.' Alfred Smith (aged 12), N., Ont.
4. 'Poppy.' Snowflake, [illegible], Ont.
5. 'Learning Her Letters.' Doris McNeil (aged 7), S., N.S.
6. 'Sailboat.' Marion G[illegible]
7. 'Steady Resistance.' M. McLean, L., Alta.
8. 'Our Home.' Wesley Bigg[illegible], B., Ma.
9. 'A Barn.' Grace Price (aged 17), P. C., Ont.
10. 'Fishing Time.' N. L. Reading (aged 13), M., Que.
11. 'Our Darling.' Myra Winger (aged 12), S., Ont.
12. 'Dan Patch.' Chester McRann, W., M., Ont.

[illegible] Scott, here is a fox critter. He's very pretty. In the winter he and my brother [illegible] on skates.

Winter will soon be here now, and we will be able to slide, and skate on the ice.

I will close with a riddle. What two things has a man got to do when he carries a watch?

MURIEL BRADLEY.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old, and I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' On our farm there is a river that runs through the flats. The Hunt Club is not far away from our place, and the ducks come through our flats. They come up from the river and up by our house. We had [illegible] now last month.

RAYMOND McCOMB.

C. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like very other little girls, am fond of reading the 'Messenger.' I think the story of 'Saint Cecilia at the Court' was very interesting, and I'll sorry when it ended.

I live on a farm, and in the winter we have lots of fun coasting, skating and sometimes drawing down hill. We have some very cold weather in winter, and so have to mind up well when we go out.

I have very fond of pets, and we have a little [illegible] with which my sister and I often ran races. Last year we had a dear little kitten, which ran away, but now we have another one just as pretty.

I will try to answer a few riddles.

The answer to V. L. Carter's riddle is Lord [illegible].

The answer to Lillan McG[illegible]'s are: Why are to be cracked. Second: The Elder.

Evalene Hill has one—Answer: Because they have to have their faces washed.

GODFREY TRACEY.

[Your riddles have been asked, Godfrey, but you have answered the others well. You had one answer wrong.—Ed.]

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near a little village called Precott. I am seven years old, and go to school nearly every day. My elder sister and I go two miles to school. I am in the second book. I have two sisters and one brother. For pets I have two little kittens called Wattie and Topsy, and one little pup called Jack. I like my teacher very much, but he is going to leave our school at Christmas. We are having a Christmas tree at our Sunday School at Christmas.

NELLIE K. FORBES.

No answer given to your riddle, Nellie. Don't forget it next time. Ed.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly four years, and like it very well. You will think I am a lazy girl to have taken it that long and never to have written before, but I have not had time between my school and music lessons. I go to school every day. I have about three quarters of a mile to walk, and am in the Senior Third Class. I expect to try for the Senior Fourth at Easter.

I live on a farm of 75 acres, and the train and station, mail and store, are about a quarter of a mile from us. I have no brothers or sisters, but have [illegible] for pets. The younger is a little yellow and white one, and he is very playful.

We have already had quite a lot of snow, but it has melted. Well, I will give a riddle: What flowers are there between a lady's nose and chin?

SNOW-FLAKE.

O. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like the stories in the 'Messenger' very much. I think that story of Elizabeth's Money System, and that one of being Good to Grandma were fine.

I have a pet bird, her name is Millie, and I have a cat. I have an organ, and I took two quarters of music lessons.

My father is in Jerome Junction, Arizona, carpenter on a railroad.

LILLA BLANCHE MA[illegible]

[Your riddles have been already [illegible], Lilla.]

P. W., P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I think the answer to Lillan E. Taylor's riddle is an egg, and to the 'Ram's Horn,' Romans, a book of the Bible. I have two pets, a dog named Rover, and a cat named Tibby. I go to school every day, and am in the second model. Our teacher is a man. I will send a few riddles:—

It is in the church, but not in the steeple,
It is in the parson, but not in the people,
It is in the brain, but not in the head,
It is in the grave, but not in the dead.

What was Joan of Arc made of?

HAZEL LE GALLAIS (aged 13).

OTHER LETTERS.

Robert Warcup, L. J., Que., sends several riddles, but as there are no answers given they can not be printed.

Clare Anthony, M., N.S., also sends in riddles without answers.

Irene Tully, R., Man., sends a question and gives the answer, but we don't quite see the point. Write again, Irene, and tell us if your dog is like the one you speak of in the riddle. The dogs we see here don't put themselves to so much trouble.

Here is a letter from Fred, Irene's big brother. He is ten years old, and walks a mile and a quarter to school with his sister. This is a riddle he sends: What goes round the house and round the house and only leaves three tracks?

Cecil H. Taylor, G. S., N.B., answers four riddles correctly, but the answers have been already given, and need not be printed again. That can't be helped sometimes. Your drawing was very good, Cecil.

Maxwell Densmore, N.S., N.S., sends in this riddle in rhyme:

My tongue is long, my voice is strong,
And yet I breed no strife,
You will me hear both far and near
And yet I have no life.

A. E. M., L., Alta, sends in two riddles, one of which has been asked, and the other is also sent in by a reader from Clinton, P.E.I., who gives no name. This is it: How can you prove that George Washington stood while he slept?

Zetta Kenney T., Ont., sends several riddles and sends in several. This one has [illegible] riddles, this one has not been asked: What goes in the river white and comes out black?

Ruby E. B., H., Ont., answers John S. Patterson's riddle.

Lizzie Price, P.C., Ont., answers two riddles not been given: What goes up when the rain comes down?

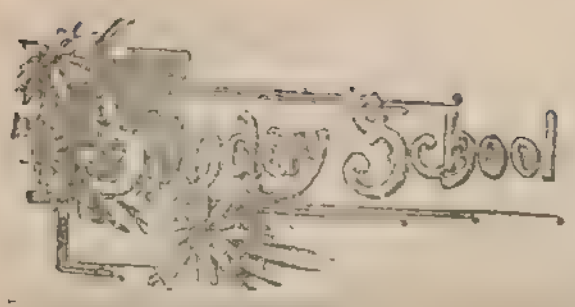
Rachael Ross, T., N.S., asks: Which hen lays the longest?

Stella M. Sherwin, P., Ont., gives the correct answers to Eileen Brown's riddles, but has guessed wrong about Uncle Sam's daughters. The riddles you give, Stella, have all been asked.

Garfield Bray, T., Ont., Lila A. Fortune, G. P., Man., and Greta O. Walters, S. R., N.S., also send in riddles already given.

Gladys Huntley writes from P. E. I. She is a great reader, and draws well, too, if her picture of Buster is a good sample.

Little letters have also been received from Willie Murdock, L., Ont., and Delbert K. Van Patten, S., Alta.



LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 23, 1906.

Jesus Ascends Into Heaven.

Luke xxiv., 36 .

Golden Text.

While he blessed them he was parted from them and was received up into heaven.—Luke [illegible].

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 17.—Luke xxiv. 36 .
Tuesday, Dec. 18.—Mark xvi., 15-20.
Wednesday, Dec. 19.—Acts xxii., 6-16.
Thursday, Dec. 20.—Heb. ix., 11-28.
Friday, Dec. 21.—Rev. i., 9-20.
Saturday, Dec. 22.—Rev. xxi., 1-27.
Sunday, Dec. 23.—Acts i., 1-11.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Ascension—that pole star of our night.
—Edward Irving.

Only by matching Scripture to Scripture will we have a complete delineation of this transcendent scene. Take, for example, the closing verses of the gospels of Mark and Luke, the opening paragraph of the Book of Acts and Psalm lxviii., 17-18.

On a certain day, conspicuous and memorable, last of the forty mystic days since His resurrection, Jesus led His disciples to well-remembered Olivet. Together they went down into the deep chasm and across the Brook Kedron, past Gethsemane, place of agony and betrayal, along the oft-trodden road, the very way by which, strewn with garments and palm branches, He had approached the city in triumph, and so on toward Bethany.

The text in Acts reads, 'And being assembled together with them;' the margin reads, 'Eating together with them.' This was the real 'last supper.' Under some graceful shade, beside some brimming fountain, they sat.

The ten recorded appearances, and the many not recorded had helped to wear away in good part the preternatural character of the risen Savior's associations with His disciples. So that this last instance of personal contact was pre-eminently natural, social, and solacing.

Under these favorable conditions, Jesus' last commands, which are of inexpressible importance, are now communicated. Personal safety would have suggested to the disciples immediate flight from Jerusalem. Two days would have taken them to happy Galilee, with its comparative security—far from the melancholy scenes of the Savior's betrayal, humiliation, and death. But Jesus offsets the dictates of heart and flesh with His direct commands that they should not depart from Jerusalem. He promises the effusion of the Spirit. Here inveterate racial prejudice intrudes the question whether this is the time when the kingdom will be restored to Israel. Jesus' patience is unfailing. He shows how an exclusive pride of race can have no place in the world-wide dimensions of His coming kingdom.

Frederick W. Robertson has spoken discriminating words upon progress by 'oblivion of the Past.' But there is also a helpful oblivion of the Future—there is a blessedness in not knowing 'times and seasons' with absolute precision. The disciples are encouraged by the affirmation that the kingdom is near. They are not told how near in order that they may be on the alert.

It is surprising to notice that the commentators magnify the resurrection of the Lord at the expense of His ascension. Among all the lives of Jesus, scarcely one devotes more than a single paragraph to the latter scene. This is philosophically wrong. The whole life of Jesus was an ascending scale. It was progressive and cumulative. The last scene on Olive's brow was a splendid golden climax and triumph of the inspiration of which the Church ought not to be robbed.

The last attitude in which Jesus appeared on earth was that of hands outstretched in benediction. 'And He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and while He blessed them—' could anything be more significant? The whole tenor and purpose of His life was to bless. What mute significance in this last act and attitude.

While in this very act He was parted from them—literally, 'He stood aside from them'—as the minister stands apart from his congregation in plainest view of all. Every disciple had an equally favorable opportunity to witness .... spectacle. Every eye beheld Him. While His hands were still extended in benediction He was 'taken up' possibly by a convoy of angels. 'The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of thousands.'

Again, a cloud received Him out of their sight. No ordinary cloud, this! A royal chariot of fire awaited Him who makes the clouds His chariot. This was the shekina, the effulgent flame of the Divine Presence. The glory of God the Father covered the retreating form of God the Son. This was a spectacle, the majesty of which shall only be equaled by the 'second appearing of the great God and our Savior.'

No wonder that as the apostles gazed upon the ineffable scene they worshipped they burst forth into adoration and praise. Thus they stood long after the radiant spectacle had vanished. They were riveted to the spot. They gazed wistfully into the heavens as if they longed to follow their ascending Lord or to see Him return.

Jesus, even in the midst of His triumph, was tenderly mindful of His disciples. He detached two of the angels from His train and dispatched them to break the spell which held the disciples as if in chains. How tenderly these ministering spirits, in their bright festive garments, accomplished their task! There is just the gentlest possible rebuke of this continued and wistful gazing, and there is joined to it the delightful and inspiring promise of Jesus' sure return in equal glory.

And now, the spell broken, the disciples take their Sabbath day journey from Bethany into Jerusalem, 'with great joy, praising and blessing God.'

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Last of forty days.
   Approach to Olivet.
   Last meal en route.
   Preternatural character of Jesus' presence reduced by contact.
2. Last commands.
   Flight to Galilee natural course.
   Departure from Jerusalem enjoined.
   Effusion of Spirit promised.
   Racial pride shown to be inconsistent with world-wide kingdom.
   Progress by oblivion of the Future.
3. Resurrection of Jesus magnified at expense of ascension.
   Latter dismissed with single paragraph: philosophically wrong.
   Jesus' life—progressive.
   Ascension, golden goal.
4. Last attitude—benediction.
5. Parted and received.
6. Apostles worship and gaze.
   Angels break their spell.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

[illegible] as well as physician. Whether [illegible] or not he shows genuine though [illegible] this delineation. He [illegible] words [illegible] with [illegible]

* * *

Jesus talked about the things pertaining to the kingdom of God in the last moments with His disciples. The things we consider supreme are the things we talk about. Not [illegible] a purpose that the end be accomplished.

* * * *

Christ's words are spirit and life—'Breakers ahead! starboard hard!' How meaningful such words to imperiled passengers. They are spirit and life. But not more so than Jesus' words.

The architect may be dead in the crypt and the cathedral still go on building according to his plans. But our Master Builder ever lives and directs His ever growing structure.

* * * *

He did not give His disciples history, but He bade them make it.

The virtiele power of religion in the heart measures its horizontal power in the world.

The visible ascension was necessary. Those who were to preach a risen Savior must needs know what had become of Him. They must know it by their physical senses.

* * * *

The ascension was the correlate of the resurrection.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 23.—Topic—How can we carry the Christmas spirit through 1907? Luke ii., 8-20.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S BIRTHDAY.

Monday, Dec. 17.—Great joy. Luke ii., 8-10.

Tuesday, Dec. 18.—Peace and good will. Luke ii., 14.

Wednesday, Dec. 19.—Worshipping. Matt. ii., 2.

Thursday, Dec. 20.—Bringing gifts. Matt. ii., 11.

Friday, Dec. 21.—Giving ourselves. II. Cor. viii., 5.

Saturday, Dec. 22.—Giving our service. I. Chron. xxix., 5.

Sunday, Dec. 23.—Topic—How shall we keep the Christ Child's birthday? Luke ii., 14.

What Boys Like.

1. A boy likes to be loved, but does not want to be fussed over. This is sure of the boys, and true of the girls. That is the key.

2. Boys like to be trusted in important matters. One of the proudest moments in my life, when my father made the deepest impression on my mind, was when he said: 'I want to see you alone,' and he told me of his business affairs and trusted me as a man. From that day we were companions. Your Sunday schools would be a great deal better if you would trust the boys in important matters.

3. Boys want to be understood. We misunderstand their motives, do not know what they are thinking about, and cannot remember what we did at their age. All the boys pass through this peculiar time of life. Oh, to have someone to love, trust and believe in them!

4. These young people must be taught by competent people. The kind of whom a boy said, 'When you add my teacher up there ain't nothing to carry,' will not do. Above everything else at this time we want competent teachers. Boys and girls at this period have been called question-marks. If we are not ready to answer their questions we fail. If you can know more than they about football and their other games it will help you. Above everything else, you must know something about the Bible. Be bright, sharpen your wits; they love a man as sharp as they are; do not be afraid to match them. They have a high standard and they want you to live up to it. During this time, twelve to twenty, is when most people are led to a definite decision to Christ, so think what your influence stands for!—Pearce.

Attractive Clubbing Offers.

'Northern Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness' for one year, worth $1.10 for [illegible] 'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,' worth $2.90, for [illegible]

By special arrangement, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be added to either of the above clubs for only fifty cents extra.

Temperance

Whiskey—That's All.

All? Why, no! There's a great deal more;
There's an arm that's weak and heart that's sore;
There's a home that's filled with grief and woe,
And a wife that is felled with a savage blow.

All? Why, no! These's a job that's lost,
There's an empty purse that can meet no no cost;
There's a watch to pawn and a chair to sell;
There's money to borrow and thirst to quell;
There's an empty glass and a fight or two,
A fine to pay and a crime to rue.

All? Why, no! There's a demon's curse,
There's a child abused, a wound to nurse;
There's a home broke up, a wife abased.
To drudging toil, life's joys erased;
There's a free lunch served in a sample room,
And some chores to do with a rag or broom;
There's the price to beg for a burning drink,
And a place to sleep! Ah, stop and think!

All, do you say? There is half untold;
There's a heart grown sick and limbs grown cold;
There's a man gone down, and a substitute
That is half a fiend and half a brute;
There's a place to rob and a man to kill;
There's a prison cell for a man to fill;
There's a conscience seared with wild remorse,
And a grave now digging for a pauper corpse;
There's a speedy trial, a verdict read,
And a wife that weeps as the doom is said;
A curse and prayer while the gallows fall,
And as for your whiskey, why—That's all!

—The 'Vanguard.'

Strong drink is not only man's way to the devil, but the devil's way to man.—'Sunday Companion.'

A Man for a Text.

As he entered the little study at the church just before evening service, the minister found one of his men awaiting him.

'Pastor,' broke out the man, in an agitated voice, 'pastor, my brother-in-law is in there, full of liquor. He's ugly. I'm afraid he's going to make trouble. Hadn't we better get a policeman to come and clear him out?'

'Why, no, George,' said the minister. 'I shouldn't quite like to do that. You know he might hear something that would do him good. Don't worry. It won't kill us if he does interrupt us. We've been interrupted before now.'

It was a good congregation that the preacher looked down upon that night—a company of honest, self-respecting, well-dressed working people, a large portion of them young folk. But there in the forefront of the audience sat the objectionable brother-in-law. Bolt upright he sat, with a flushed face, and glared at the minister. 'He certainly is about the toughest, ugliest-looking customer I ever undertook to preach to,' said the young man to himself.

The first part of the service went very well. 'How these Germans do sing! What full, sweet voices! How they keep the key and the tune! How they put their hearts into it!' he thought. The drunkard made a little noise, muttering something in a maudlin way during the prayer, but did not disturb the folk greatly.

'I believe he is not going to bother us much, after all,' thought the minister.

But when it came to the preaching, the minister had no sooner begun than the man rose to his feet and commenced speaking. What he said, or tried to say, no one knew himself least of all. It was some mumbled, incoherent talk. But the young people, after their fashion, straightway began to giggle.

'Don't laugh, good friends,' said the minister, earnestly. 'Don't laugh! This is a sight fit to make us weep.'

A great solemn hush fell upon the audience. The drunkard ceased to speak, and remained standing, the picture of a fool.

'Look at him!' said the minister. 'You know him well enough, most of you. There stands the ruin of one of the ablest mechanics that was ever known in these parts! There stands the profligate son of a good mother! There stands the faithless husband who has broken the heart of a pure and lovely woman! There stands a father whose disgraced children are blushing with shame for him! He might have been a happy and prosperous man. See what drink has made of him! Give it but half a chance, and it will do as much for you. Tell me, could I, or could the most eloquent minister in the land, ever preach you such a temperance sermon as that? Isn't that sight enough to make you all temperance men for life?'

And then, looking earnestly and steadfastly in the drunkard's face, the minister charged him in the name of the living God to repent of his great wickedness and pleaded with him that he should forsake his cups and all his evil ways, and on condition of sincere penitence, promised him, in the name of a Divine Saviour, the help of the Almighty. And there stood the man all the while, motionless as a statue, amid the stillest kind of stillness, the silence of a great, listening company. And when the preacher had made an end of speaking, the drunkard staggered out into the night.

Now there was in the audience that evening another man who for many years had been the victim of the drink habit, one whom the minister had shortly before found drunk on the street, and had helped home to his house. This man, going out with the crowd after the service, had no sooner reached the sidewalk than he turned back, saying to a companion, 'I'm going to see the parson.'

It was a sorry-looking figure that came to the study door—decently dressed, but shaky and infirm, with hair prematurely white, and a sallow face marred and scarred by his vices.

'Good evening, Mr. Black! Come in, come in! I'm glad to see you. Have a chair,' said the parson, cordially.

'Pastor,' said he, in a voice that shook like a leaf, 'I'm all broke up. I've come to sign the pledge.'

'Stephen, I haven't any faith in that pledge. What's a pledge? It is nothing but a promise, and a promise too hard for you to keep. You've signed it over and over again, and every time you break it within a week.'

'I know, I know, parson! But this time I'm a-going to do what I never did before, I'm going to give my heart to God before I sign that pledge.'

They prayed together. The parson, with his arm round him, prayed for him; and the man prayed for himself with a new note in his trembling voice. Then he signed the pledge.

'What's got Stephen Black?' asked the minister, a few weeks later. 'I haven't seen him for some time.'

'No, pastor,' said one of the men, 'and you will never see him round here again.'

'Never see him again? What do you mean? He hasn't gone to the bad, has he?'

'No, but he's dead and buried.'

'What!'

'Yes, pastor. Monday he was taken sick. They carried him off to the hospital. He died within twenty-four hours, and they buried him right away. But,' said the man, 'he never drank another drop, and he died a Christian man.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Liquor Bar.

A Bar to heaven; a Door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.

A Bar to manliness and wealth,
A Door to want and broken health.

A Bar to honor, pride, and fame,
A Door to sorrow, sin, and shame.

A Bar to hope, a Bar to prayer,
A Door to darkness and despair.

A Bar to honored, useful life,
A Door to brawling, senseless strife.

A Bar to all that's true and brave,
A Door to every drunkard's grave.

A Bar to joys that home imparts,
A Door to tears and broken hearts.

A Bar to heaven, a Door to hell—
Whoever named it, named it well.

—'Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

No Saloons—Grass in the Street.

The claim is often made that the adoption of prohibition by a town will cause the grass to grow on the streets. And this prophecy has been fulfilled at Winters, Cal., after a trial of only nine months. Less than one year ago there were six saloons running in that place, and making things lively in such ways as only saloons can. In a fateful hour they were voted out, and the threatened result has daily become more apparent. Grass growing in the street? Yes, and a photograph of the scene has been published. There it is all so plain as to prevent denial by any person. Grass growing two feet high right in front of the door of the lock-up, which looks as though it had not been opened for months! The picture tells its own story, but an accompanying account proceeds to tell of the benefit which the absence of the saloon has been to all other business in the place, which never was so prosperous or growing more substantially than now.—'National Advocate.'

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL.'

REMARKABLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR THE PRICE OF AN ORDINARY ISSUE.

The Christmas number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' the new national monthly, is printed in three colors, and is much larger than any of the earlier issues.

A type of Canadian beauty under the mistletoe greets the reader on the front cover. The other day Lord Grey opened the Parliament of Canada, so a full page reproduction of His Excellency's favorite photograph is given. To correspond with this, in the department 'Woman and her Interests,' there is an intimate sketch of Lady Grey, and a splendid photograph of Her Excellency. Dec. 1 being the Queen's birthday, the latest picture of Her Majesty occupies a full page. Politicians, whether free traders or protectionists, will be interested in a splendid full-length photograph of Mr. Chamberlain. There is a comprehensive article on Canada's canal system with illustrations showing various styles of locks and bridges. In our 'Development of Canada' series, our pictures in this issue portray, on two pages, scenes along the line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways. A vivid idea of the way in which our Roman Catholic friends in the Province of Quebec celebrate 'All Souls' Day' is given by a remarkable picture showing a large part of the fifty thousand people who went to the cemetery at Montreal on that day. Seldom has so great a gathering ever been comprised in one photograph. This month's series of public men at work includes Mr. Carnegie and General Booth in their libraries, and Mark Twain in bed. News of the day is illustrated by such pictures as the Lord Mayor of London in Paris, while the Christmas idea is emphasized by two telling pictures of the Bethlehem of the present day, and by Christmas talks and holiday housekeepers' suggestions in the woman's pages, in which, of course, the fashions of the day are not neglected. In spite of the increased size and the greatly increased expense the price has not been advanced, ten cents a copy, one dollar a year.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Golden Door.

When I have won to the Golden Door,
Who will open to me?
'They who have had on this little earth
Alms or a smile from thee.'

When I have won to the Golden Door,
What will be writ thereon?
'This is the gate of the Evermore,
The goal of the Evergone.'

When I have won to the Golden Door,
What shall I see beyond?
'Work for the lusty, beds for the tired,
Love for lips that are fond.'

When I have won to the Golden Door,
What will the password be?
'Love is the password, love is the toil,
Love is the golden key.'

—Selected.

'Stones for Pillows.'

(Elizabeth Cumings, in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

I had to wait some minutes near the desk where Mrs. Blank, the grocer's wife, 'made change' and 'entered accounts.' The place was thronged, and perforce she was very busy, but to my amazement, every woman—save a deaf old lady and a huge black laundress—paused to unload some bit of personal worry or trouble upon Mrs. Blank as she paid for her goods or had them charged. 'You can't think how I like Mrs. Blank,' said my neighbor, as we passed out. She had deposited a vexation with the price of her butter. 'She has beautiful manners for a person in her position.'

Now Mrs. Blank has been bereaved of children, has met financial disaster, pain, weakness, and many perplexing burdens. But she has fine courage, and never asks her intimates to look at what she carries. Out of her afflictions and her very privations she has acquired a serenity, a culture of the spirit, that college training, travel, leisure, plenty, have failed to give my neighbor.

'I used to pity myself that my life must be a wanderer's,' said a charming and wise woman, a preacher's wife, to me yesterday. 'I am of the temperament to live quite content in my grandfather's house, changing it only with a few modern comforts. I love old friends. I like to see the same people going by. I dearly love the very trees, if any there be, in our parsonage yard. I have often, too, felt, it is time wasted to be forever making new acquaintances. But last summer I spent a month in the place where I was born and reared, and I discovered that one who spends his life in one spot may miss important discipline. As a new arrival in a new town you naturally try to be your best. The old resident may be far from attractive, he may even rasp your sensibilities to the quick, but you obliterate yourself and try to please and win him, and in so doing often grow to like him. I found some of my old acquaintances painfully angular for lack of this attrition. They had travelled. But that is quite another affair from going to a strange town as a resident to whom good will is vital. Brusque and sharp of tongue, and letting themselves go to the point of unseemliness if crossed in opinion, I saw that many of them sorely needed just the education I had long been pitying myself for receiving.'

I found my friend's son selling hose in a big department store, receiving eight dollars a week. It was, I knew, his ambition to be an architect. He had a tiny bedroom up three pairs of stairs. The two windows looked out upon a brick wall perhaps ten inches distant. 'I'm getting on fine,' Aunt Betty,' he said cheerfully. 'I've taken a course in architecture by correspondence, and am attending night school at their institute. Barton and Williams are going to take me into their office in September. With no money to spend, I wasn't tempted away from work. Even this bedroom with no outlook has been an advantage.'

'I once lived in a family in which was a fussy, inquisitive, domineering, talkative old lady, prone to lay stress upon the unpleasant, and careful that each one of us should remember all our faults of feature and character, also all our sources of anxiety.' The speaker was the sweetest old lady I know. 'I realized that I too in time would be old, and might be in a household of which I was not an essential part. If I am, as you say, pleasant to live with, it is all due to the warning example of my good but disagreeable Aunt Jane Ann.'

Of all the Old Testament stories, none hold more for me than the episode in Jacob's journey to Haran. The account is like one of those masterly pen and ink sketches in which a few lines set for heights, depths, and stretches of light suggest color.

'He lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set, and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.'

'And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it!'

Human experience forever repeats itself. In sorrows, burdens, irritations, even deprivations, are gracious potentialities. The stones of any place may serve as pillows on which to dream of heaven and to behold 'angels ascending and descending.'

Religious Notes.

Probably no nation on earth so literally abides by the fifth commandment as the Chinese. John A. Hobson utters this comment thereon: 'The respectful demeanor of the children who have attended school or receiv-

Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co. Established 50 Years.

Emergency Make-Room Sale of Leading Makes in Organs.

We are crowded for room in our warerooms, King St., West, and must clear present stocks. "MUST" is the word. Price cannot stand in the way, as the following lists prove :—

ORGANS.

W. BELL & CO., Low Back, 5 octaves, 4 sets of reeds, 5 stops, Chapel Style of Case, a very nice little organ, and A1 value at $25

CANADA ORGAN CO., Medium High Back, Chapel Case, 7 stops, 5 sets of reeds, and Vox Humana Stop. A very nice Organ, and A1 value at $33

BELL & CO., Organ, High Back with Music Rack, 8 stops, 4 sets of reeds, including Vox Humana, 5 octaves, Knee Swell. This is a very nice Organ for any parlor, and A1 value at $42

DOMINION ORGAN, Medium High Back, 5 octaves, Lamp Stands, Cylinder Fall, 7 stops, 4 sets of reeds and Knee Swell, Extension Ends. A very nice Organ, and A1 value at $42

CLOUGH & WARREN, High Back, with Music Rack, 10 stops, 4 sets of reeds, 5 octaves, Grand Organ and Knee Swell, a very nice case, Lamp Stands, etc. Special at $43

WHITNEY ORGAN, Detroit.—High Back, with Music Rack, 8 stops, 4 sets of reeds, Vox Humana Stop, 5 octaves, Lamp Stands, Grand Organ and Knee Swell. A1 value at $44

THOMAS ORGAN, with Extra High Back, Music Rack, nice Walnut Case, 9 stops, 4 sets of reeds, 5 octaves, Grand Organ and Knee Swell. An ornament for a parlor, as well as a pleasure to the musician. Special at $45

KARN ORGAN, High Back, with Imitation Pipes, Mirror, Lamp Stands, nice Walnut Case, 11 stops, treble and bass couplers, Grand Organ and Knee Swells, 5 octaves. An extra handsome Organ, as well as a good toned instrument. Special at $55

UXBRIDGE ORGAN, High Back, with Music Rack, 6 octaves, 11 stops, 4 sets of reeds, treble and bass couplers, Grand Organ and Knee Swell. This is a very fine Organ, and special value at $65

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Prince Bernadotte, the son of the King of Sweden, and an Admiral of the British Navy, was the leading spirit in a ten-days' conference of Swedish Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and as well the leading spirit in the sports, in the prayer meetings and the discussions at his country place near Stockholm. The themes handled were the social question, labor problems, charity organizations, Hooliganism, and the relation of the Association to the different aspects of the social question. Two hours were spent at a reformatory as object lessons on the subject of Hooliganism, when the secretaries played games with the 180 inmates (boys 13 to 18 years old) and then had a short meeting in their chapel, with an address by Prince Bernadotte and a young secretary. Weidensall of America, was a guest and a frequent speaker at the conference.

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